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W.C. BRIAN TUNSTALL,
LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS,
THROUGH THE KINDNESS OF
DR. D.M. SCHURMAN, R.M.C.
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E - - L of C H - - - - M's

A P O L O G Y,

A P O E M.



That Patriotism's a Jest we must allow,
For P-tt the *Grand Professer* proves it now.

Sir C. H. W.

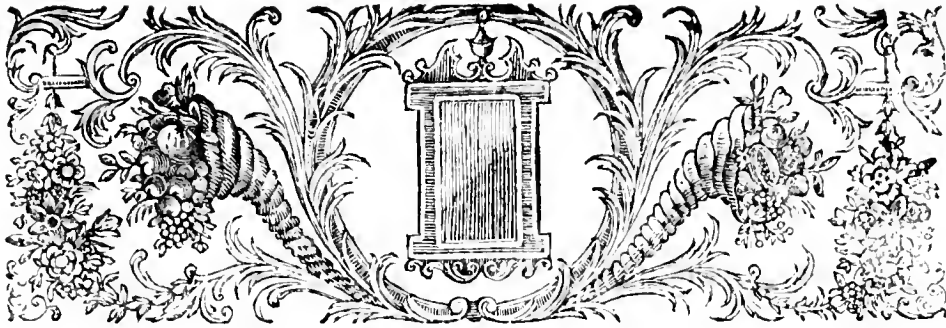


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E - - L of C H - - - - M's

A P O L O G Y,

THE western sun had fought his ev'ning grave,
Deep in the bosom of th' Atlantic wave ;
The silver moon now reign'd with fainter pow'r,
And grac'd the horrors of the midnight hour ;
Thousands of spangled orbs combin'd their ray,
To cheer the absence of the God of day ;

Indulgent

Indulgent nature, hail'd the tranquil scene,
 And lull'd to rest the drowly race of men ;
 Save POWER-CRAVING P--TT,---His full-blown foul,
 Bursting to seize unlimited controul,
 Ne'er knew the calm which smooths the ruffled breast,
 Nor felt the joys that spring from even rest.
 Wild with ambition, and with pride elate,
In thought he triumph'd in his car of state ;
 Enjoy'd his fancied flight on Eagle's wings,
 And form'd his footstool on the necks of kings ;
 Saw northern potentates obey his nod,
 And Persia hail the SELF-created God.
 Phantoms like these amused the *Patriot's* fight,
 When lo! —the clock pronounc'd the dead of night.
 Sudden the closet shook —the lights burnt blue,
 And gaudy fancy all her joys withdrew.
 A ghastly form before his table stood,
 Chill'd his pale check, and froze his vital blood ;
 Conscious of guilt, he pray'd to be forgiv'n,
 And trembling in his chair, cry'd —Mercy Heav'n !

A ver-

A verdant crown the horrid spectre wore,
 Blushing with fruit, thy choicest orchards bore,
O ill-requited Pynsent ! in his hand
 Thrice he produc'd that Deed which gave his land ;
 Thrice wav'd that guilty Deed in wild despair,
 And thrice repentent wept his beggar'd heir ;

GHOST. I rise, ungrateful man, the spirit said,
 From the dark mansions of the horrid dead ;
 From shades, where wounded conscience ever grieves,
 Where *specious worth* no longer man deceives ;
 Where station'd furies strip the *pension'd knave*,
 And lash the sinner, be he prince or slave ;
 Where practis'd merit knows eternal bliss,
 And man appears the real man he is ;
 Where low ambition trembles at the rod
 Worship'd on earth, an idol or a God.
 BATH who can see, and not his fate deplore,
 Stript of those honours virtuous PULT'NEY wore ?
 In vain he weeps the incens'd patriot's name,
 In vain he struggles for reviving fame ;

Scorn and reproach for ever wound his ear,
 And shame reviles the mean ignoble peer.
 Such, such is BATH ! —but know, the fates decree
 Pangs more severe, and sharper pains for thee ;
 For thee, but yesterday thy monarch's choice,
 Thy country's bulwark, and her people's voice :
 Deluded youth thy brows with laurels grac'd,
 And echo'd, “ *long live Brutus*” as you pass'd.
 Your manly speech inspir'd the breast of age,
 And taught new virtues to th' experienc'd sage ;
 With softer flow pathetic and refin'd,
 You taught their country's love to woman kind ;
 With grief like thine, expiring laws to see,
 And seek their great Deliverer in thee.
 Ev'n * SARAH's heart obdurate, cold as steel,
 Whose stubborn nature long had blush'd to feel,
 Dissolv'd like wax before thy magic tongue,
 And *pay'd with gratitude* the enchanters song ;

Ten

* Sarah Dutcheſs of Marlborough.

*Ten thousand pounds, (nay! shrink not) was your fee,
To live un plac'd, unpension'd, and be free.*

How you deserv'd great Minos will descry,
Your faith a prostitute, your fame a lie.

Skill'd in all tricks to varnish your intent,
That art can spin, hypocrisy invent,
You borrow'd ev'ry form, and ev'ry dye,
That Proteus wore to captivate the eye ;
Till by degrees Credulity believ'd,
And Britons heard—*again* to be deceiv'd.
As latent sparks unwilling to expire,
Break out at once, and burst into a fire ;
So your long-clouded glory blaz'd a-new,
Darting its rays where England's genius flew,
From pole to pole, from Paris to Peru.

Flush'd with *great words*, in readiness at call,
At morn you destin'd *Hanover to fall*,

Lamenting

Lamenting Britain with a filial care,
 Drain'd by the Leeches of a German war.
 At noon, like speckled snakes, you shed your skin,
 Retaining still your native craft within ;
 By *German machinations won to grace*,
 You *turn'd a German advocate for place* ;
 Loudly revok'd that known approv'd decree,
 Empire your object, tendernefs your plea ;
 Profusely lavish'd the Exchequer's store,
 And dy'd th'affrighted Elbe with British gore,
 Till numbers fail'd, and funds would yield no more
 But Oh ! how vain, how futile is th'attempt
 To paint imposture's form ! The world's contempt
 Displays a mirror to your conscious eye ;
 Will sting your soul and give your heart the lie.
 Yet e'er th'approaching dawn with gentle hand
 Raifes the veil of night, the fates command
 My quick return, to cold and endless gloom,
 Where one day Ch — m must *unermind* come :

Time

Time hurries on, few moments now remain
To tell my tale, my source of lasting pain.

Now CH—M hear——I am the restless shade
Of PYNSENT, lately call'd to join the dead ;
Varied with errors, but unknown to crime,
I pass'd the blushing years of nature's prime,
Till hast'ning on to life's cool evening stage,
With my first crime, I stain'd my hoary age.
I lov'd (weak man!) not wisely, but too well,
My liberty, my rights, and country's weal ;
Deaf to th'endearing ties of lineal blood,
My patriot heart, intent on public good,
Insensibly forgot my ancient name,
And plung'd my heirs in poverty and shame ;
Frantic with zeal I thought THEE all divine,
And Britain's darling son adopted mine ;
My progeny forgot, in P--TT alone,
I felt the friend, the kinsman and the son ;

Like fairs enraptur'd I ador'd his name,
 And pledg'd my wealth and honour on his fame,
 Compell'd my heirs to court their chosen lord,
 And beg the scatter'd bounties of his board ;
 Inhuman judgement ! sentence too severe !
 Which harden'd criminals would weep to hear ;
 But I with vanity completely curst,
 I, of all slaves, the basest and the worst,
 Cold and inflexible to nature's voice,
 Worship'd my idol, and extoll'd my choice ;
 Happy ! thrice happy ! now my P—T was free,
 My country's welfare was a debt to me.

Say, CH—M, if one faint, one feeble ray
 Of PITT's *late* truth, still lives in CH—M's clay ;
 Say, if your heart don't dread to be sincere,
 What little passion lurks and governs there ?
 What strange extravagant contempt of fame
 Seduc'd your wish to change it for a name ?

Did

Did B——e again hang out this badge of grace
 To *fix* your doubts of coming into place ?
 Will Scotch Protection raise your drooping cause ?
 Will Scotch Alliance furnish lost applause ?
 Or dwindled into childhood, by decay
 Of nature, did you doat on childish play,
 Pleas'd with a bubble at your close of day ?
 Your city friends, so smooth in rhyme and wit,
 So copious in their flow and praise of P——T, }
 No more address, now CH——M's at the steerage,
 Nor strain a panegyrick on your peerage !
 Oh ! what a sudden falling off is here !
 No more the mob applauds, the wise revere !
 No more th'admiring crowds your deeds unfold !
 Nor adulation fues with box of gold !
 Your shrine's cras'd, your day of glory set,
 Your popularity --- as dead as P--T !
 CH —— M and Pride may crimson trappings wear,
 But Freedom's honest soul disdains the peer.

CH——M

CH—M. Angels and ministers of grace above,
 And ye blest'd spirits of the Elyfian grove !
 If age and innocence deserve your care,
 Protect my tortur'd heart from mad despair ;
 Dispell this scene of horror and dismay,
 And lead me safely to the verge of day.

Hear then, dread Ghost, great PYNSENT's awful shade,
 living, my friend, my benefactor, dead ;
 Fear and avert thy judgment too severe,
 And view thy P-TT, still triumph in the peer.
 Weary of c——ts, of FAV'rites, and of K——s,
 Still hoping better days, and better things ;
 Foil'd in *my plan* to be *supremely great*,
 And *guide alone* the c——i, c——h, and STATE ;
 My speech and effigy to BOSTON sent,
 For publick worship, and the mob content ;
 I steer'd *my little cock-boat* into port,
 The scourge of pirate ministers at c——rt ;

Well

Well arm'd, well fitted, in my neutral state ;
 To fail again and share my country's fate,
 Should *services so poor but free* as mine
 Be call'd to *save her* in her last decline.
 This plan arrang'd, I fought that honour'd feat
 Which PYNSENT's bounty chose for my retreat ;
 Which gen'rous PYNSENT sever'd from his line,
 O matchless *publick* worth ! to graft on mine.
 Here calm, and gentle as the noon-tide breeze,
 Day follow'd day, and health return'd with ease :
 No more I felt the stings of projects cross'd,
 Of systems baffled, or of *Questions lost* ;
 Slave to no party, counsil to no plan,
 I thought, enjoy'd, and lived a private man :
 Wishful to feel, now glory's race was run,
 My ev'ning set, like a mild summer's fun.

 Blest state of peace ! but oh ! the change how soon,
 My morning wish was clouded e'er t'was noon.

D

Again

Again *my country* courted me away,
 Woo'd me *to act*, and *promis'd to obey*;
 With condescending bounty, next the Th—ne
 Plac'd me the first, and bid me GUIDE ALONE,
 ◦ OMNIPOTENT, RESPONSIBLE TO NONE.
 COURTED, SOLICITED, and SENT FOR TOO,
 What man, to freedom, and his country true,
 What mortal man, tho' most averse to place,
 Could frown, refuse, and spurn his country's grace,
 Let PYNSENT, virtuous PYNSENT, judge my case?

By tender feelings mov'd for Britain's fate,
 Not dazzled with the pomp and pride of state,
 Sudden I wak'd from fancy's filken dreams,
 Of rural solitude, and languid streams;
 Of days, devoted to my friends and wife,
 And moral virtues form'd for private life;
Gave in my plan, while fortune blest'd the day,
 And Peccage strew'd her flowers in my way.

Let

Let Malice inch by inch my conduct scan,
 And Folly censure, e'er she knows my plan ;
 Let Rancour dive into the womb of time,
 In search of tales, to blacken me with crime ;
 My youthful soul sprung early to one end,
 My riper years the same great course shall bend,
 Virtue my guardian, Liberty my friend. }
 Think not to scatter terrors on my head,
 By stale examples muster'd from the dead ;
 With joy I saw, how virtuous PULT'NEY shin'd
 The brightest, bravest, weakest, of mankind !
 But when I saw my Country drop a tear,
 I wept the patriot and curs'd the peer.
 But what had PULT'NEY's glory, or decline,
 His fame, or peerage, to compare with mine ?
 Mankind is alter'd since the days of BATH,
 Tho' S---DYS still puzzles in the same dull path.
 Freedom at length has fixt her wav'ring feat,
 Ambitious to promote the good and great ;

Studious

Studious to still the waves of party rage,
 And link in harmony, each rank and age ;
 Of vices growth to lop the spreading root,
 That virtue's fickle plant may spring and shoot ;
 Bent to reform the canker'd map of things,
 Till Britain's sons are free as British kings ;
 Till placemen seek the honour, not the fee,
 And scorn emoluments like PRIDE and ME ;
 Till each great LORD his country shall revere,
 And to the Statesman join the Patriot Peer.

When these great systems shall refine our times,
 To the pure temper of Saturnian climes,
 (For now I see that blest auspicious day)
 Faction will sink, and party die away :
 The mob again SPONTANEOUSLY will join
 To deck my image, and adorn my shrine ;
 Forfaken, distanc'd TRIBE will relent,
 S---h reform and L---n repent ;

W---TH

W——th his latent talents will display,
 And T——d settle ——for perhaps a day ;
 B——d will buzz, too feeble *then* to sting,
 And G---ge lament in vain my soaring wing ;
 Whilst I, too great to dread a *future* fall,
 Rule and ordain from R--chm--d to Wh-te-H-ll ;
 Preside at ev'ry B---d, tho' named to none,
 And nobly in my *closet* GUIDE ALONE :
 Such sweets of government can never fail,
 When C——m *steers* and B——e supplies the gale.
 O B——e thou injur'd new connected friend.—

GHOST. Peace! e'er thy tongue grows lavish to commend,
 And thy mean heart betrays thy secret end.
 Take back thy broken faith, which Art in vain
 Strives to repair, to burnish and maintain :
 Take back thy flatt'ring tributes to the dead,
 And *know thy destiny* by fate decreed.

E

“ O

“ Ordain’d to act, a fav’rite *once-remov’d*,
Sought but *not dreaded*, *courted* but *not lov’d*,
 Thou’lt find thy projects baffled, soon as plan’d,
 And thy large views of empire at a stand.
 Till lost, and sunk in popular disgrace,
 Thou’lt curse too late thy peerage and thy place;
 And when by flow disease and anguish torn,
 Thy mortal frame is destin’d to the urn,
 Perhaps some pension’d friend *for shew may mourn*:
 Then, (for on earth ye trod one common path)
 Thy fleeting soul will meet its comrade BATH.
 But hark—the cock the harbinger of day,
 With morning song proclaims the dawning ray;
 Farewell——I slept in peace, while P-TT was free,
 Live and repent——farewell——remember me !

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